

MR. DOOLEY ON ONE ADVANTAGE OF POVERTY.

BY F. P. DUNNE.

"WELL, sir," said Mr. Dooley, "ye ought to be glad ye're not sick an' illustrious at th' same time."

"How's that?" Mr. Hennessy demanded.

"Well, ye see," said Mr. Dooley, "sup-

pa-pers. Th' followin' facts is stated on th' authority iv wan iv th' attindin' surgeons: Cap Dooley cut up terrible under th' chloroform, singin' songs, swearin' an' askin' fr' Lucy. His wife's name is Annamaria. She was th' ad'j'inin' room. It seems they have had trouble. Th' room was poorly fur-



AN FIN'LY LANDS AT YE'ER DURE WITH THE BURGARS' TOOLS.

"CAP DOOLEY CUT UP TERRIBLE UNDER THE CHLOROFORM, SINGIN' SONGS, SWEARIN' AN' ASKIN' FR' LUCY."

YE'ER FRINDS BEGIN T' SPRINT AWAY."

pose anything happens to ye now; a fellow countryman dhrops a hammer on ye th' day after th' picnic or ye'er digestion listens to a walkin' dillygator fr'm th' Union iv Mickrobes an' goes out on strike. Th' policeman on th' corner h's usual suspicions among gentlemen an' hits ye over th' head an' calls th' wagon an' slings ye home. Th' good woman wrings her hands an' calls th' doctor to witness that if ye have a toothache ye wake th' neighborhood, an' slaps a mustard plaster on ye. If she comes back later an' finds ye haven't put th' sheet between ye an' th' plaster an' gone to sleep, she knows 'tis seerious an' slings fr' th' doctor. Ye continyoo to have doctors in what th' pa-pers calls th' outlyin' wards. They live above th' drug store an' practice medicine on us. Th' physicians an' surgeons are all down-town edlin' th' pa-pers. Well, doc comes to ye after a while in a buggy. On th' way up he sets a broken leg, removes an arm, does a little something fr' th' city directory, takes a drink, talks pollytics with th' unhappy parent an' fin'ly lands at ye'er door with th' burglar's tools. After he's closed that dure th' secrets iv th' inner man is known on'y to him. No man hears or wants to hear anything about it. Th' nex' time ye see ye, ye come out lookin' pale an' emaciated an' much younger an' better lookin' th' anywan iver raymibbers seen' ye, an' after a while ye observe that whin ye start to tell how many stitches it took an' what ye see whin ye smelled th' dizzy sponge ye'er frinds begin to sprint away. An' ye go back reluctantly to wurruk. Ye never hear anywan say: "Hinnissy is great com'pny whin he begins to talk about his sickness." I've seen men turn fr'm a poor, helpless, emaciated invalid to listen to a man talkin' about th' Nicotragonan canal.

"But with th' great 'tis far different. I've often thanked th' Lord that I didn't continyoo in pollytics whin I was cap'n iv me preicent fr' with th' eyes iv all th' wurruk focussed, as Hogan says, on me, I cud never injure

th' pleasure iv a moment's sickness without people in far-off Boolgahrya knowin' whether me liver was straight. Sickness is wan iv th' privileges iv th' poor man that he shares with no wan. Whin it comes kindly to him, th' four walls iv his room closes in on him like a tent, folks goes by on th' other side iv th' street, th' rollin' mill disappears an' with th' mornin' comes an honest day's tile. He lies there in blessed idleness an' no matter whin th' matter with him, he don't suffer half as much pain as he wud in pursuit iv two dollars a day. I knowed a man wanst who used to take his vacations that way. When others went off fr' to hunt what Hogan calls th' flann monsther iv th' deep, he became seeriously ill an' took to bed. It made him very strong.

"But suppose I hadn't resigned fr'm cap'n iv me preicent whin I was defeated. If anything had happened to me, ye'd pick up th' pa-pers an' see 'Twin-ty-second preicent iv th' Sixth ward. He brain fever, he has not. He got into a fight with a Swede an' had his ribs stove in. He fell out iv th' window iv a foolery store he was burglarizin' an' broke th' left junction iv th' sixzoid carilage. Th' trouble with th' cap'n is he drinks too much. A man iv his age who has been a soak all his life always succumbs to anny trouble like hyperthrooply iv th' cranium. Doctor Muggers, dean iv th' Post Graduate Vethinary School iv Osteopathy, says he had a similar case las' year in Mr. Hinnery Halch Clohessy, wan iv th' best known citizens iv this city. Like the cap, Mr. Clohessy was a high liver, a heavy drinker, a gambler an' a flirt. Th' cases are almost identical. Owin' to th' code iv professional ethics Dr. Muggers cud not tell th' bereaved family th' cause iv th' death, but it was undoubtedly his Past Life."

"Thin come th' doctors. Not wan doctor, Hinnissy, to give ye a whiff out iv a towel an' make ye sleep fr' an hour an' wake up an' say, 'I fooled ye. Whin do ye begin?' No, but all iv thim. They escort th' prisoner up th' street in a chariot an' th' little newsboys run alongside sellin' extirpy papers. Our night edition will print th'

inside facts about Cap Dooley's condition. Th' cap himself with a cinematograph iv th' jolly proceedin's be Dock Laramoyne." What happens to th' criminal at first is th' same as if he was a dacent wurrukin' man. But whin that is done, an' 'tis gettin' so aisy they tell me they're not much difference between a good clam-salesman an' a first-class surgeon, th' lithy wurruk begins. Ye think 'tis all over whin ye say: "Dock, put ye'er hand under th' pillow an' take what's there." But not so. Th' assembled docks adjourn to a large hall an' prepare th' story iv 'Cap Dooley; a Stormy Career. Be Wan Who Knows."

Upon seein' th' Cap, we at once diagnosed th' case as a typical tickle-pantillitis, or chicken bone in th' throat. Dr. Pincers operated. Dr. Smothers administered th' annysthetizer. Dr. Hygeen opened th' window. Dr. Anodyne turned on th' gas. Dr. Aluom-paine turned th' pinches to th' wall. Dr. Rambo looked out th' window. Doctor Peroxide, Gycal, Cephalgerin, Anodyne an' Colstar took a walk in th' park an' Doctor Salicate figured up th' bill. As we have said, we diagnosed th' case above. We can't raymibber th' name. It depends on how th' syllables came out iv th' hat. We were wrong, although what we see whin we got in more than made up fr' th' error. We made a long incision fr'm th' chin down an' another across, an' not findin' what we expected, but many things that ought to be kept fr'm th' family, we put th' Cap back an' wint on. Th' operation was a complete success. Th' stretch is easier an' a light meal iv pickles an' anti-septic oats, an' surgical science, havin' done its duty, mus' leave th' rest to nature, which was in th' consultation. Th' case is considered be some iv us slightly irregular. (Signed.) Look at our names: Pincers, Rambo, Peroxide, Mullins, Anodyne, Gycal, Aluom-paine, Salicate."

"But that's nawthin'. If ye think they're anythin' ye wud like to keep up ye'er sneeze, look fr' it in th'

ished. Th' Cap's clothes was much worn, as was most iv him. He must have had a shockin' life. It is doubtful if he will iver recover, fr' he is very, very old. He has been concealin' his age fr' many years. He is a notory profligate, as was well shown by th' view we had. Th' flashlight pitcher iv th' Cap will appeal to all who know his inner history."

"An' there ye are. Think iv a man comin' out in th' light iv day after all that. He can't get on clothes enough to cover him. He may bear himself with a haughty manner, but he feels that ivry man he meets knows more about him thin he knows himself. Th' fellow on th' street has been within th' walls. He's sayin' to himself: 'Ye're a hollow sham composed akelly iv impaired organs an' antiseptic gauze.' To th' end if his life he'll never be annything more thin an' anynomical chart to his frinds. His privacy is over fr'ever, fr' what good can it do anywan. Hinnissy, to pull down th' blinds iv his bed room if ivrybody knows exactly th' shape an' location iv his spleen?"

"No, sir; if I've got to be sick, give me th' ordinary dacency iv poverty. I don't want anny man to know more about me thin he can learn fr'm th' handiwork iv Marks, th' tailor, an' Schmitt, th' shoemaker, an' fr'm th' deceitful expression iv me face. If I have a bad heart, let him know it be me eyes. On me vest is written, 'Thus far an' no farther.' They're many a man on intimate terms with th' Improv iv Roosha that don't know anny more about me thin that I'm broadcloth on Sundah an' serge on week days. An' I don't intend they shall. I hide behind th' privileges iv me position an' say: 'Fellow citizens, docks an' journalists, I cannot intrajooce ye to th' Inner Man. He's a recloose an' avarse to society. He's modest, an' shy an' objects to callers. Ye can guess what kind iv man I am, but I wudn't have ye know.' An' I can do that as long as I stay poor."

"I'm glad I'm poor," said Mr. Hennessy.

"It gives ye less to talk about, but more to think about," said Mr. Dooley. (Copyright, 1902, by Robert Howard Russell.)



Husband Began to Use the Telephone.

had flirited around the Curve, for he knew that she was watching him from the Observation Car. Then he threw his Hat in the Air and began to do Flip-Flops.

Critchlow, Jack took a whirl at the indicator in the Press club benefit game, and, although we like him personally, we never saw a man fall down worse, on low balls. We must do Jack the justice to say, though, that his judgment on highballs is all right.

Dick Whittemore's red mail wagons are beauties. Dick never has been particularly noted for his fondness for mails (males) until since he got the contract for carrying them from the depots to the postoffice. Dick, old boy, we wish you all the success in the world.

There was a wild rumor on the street the other day to the effect that Jimmy Hogle had invited a large crowd to have something on the house. Of course we ran it down at once and found it to be absurd. Mr. Hogle's efficient secretary, Mr. John Quillan, exploded the story and nearly died laughing at the foolishness of it. It does beat all how these things get out.

Rev. John T. Axton asks us to kindly deny the report that he boxed a friend's four-round set-to with President Roosevelt, when in Washington a few weeks ago. It was a six-round go.

MODERN FABLES.

THE SUMMER VACATION THAT WAS TOO GOOD TO LAST.

By George Ade.



Papa Had Just Been Strung For a Month's Rent.

Oh, I suppose this is Miserable," he said. "I can see a very poor Month ahead of me—yes—not. Me wearing all my Bells and taking a Hurdle every Furlong."

He rushed into the Telegraph Office and sent a Wire to her, so that it would catch her at the First Station on the Road. It said not to worry and to take a Good Rest, and everything was moving along about the same as usual. With Love and Kisses.

After which he went over to the Brewery to see if they would make a Reduction on Wholesale Orders.

Hubby went up street with his Panama dipped down in Front, the same as the College Rakes wear them, and his Coat was thrown wide open to show the dizzy Pleats. His Cuban Blood was all hot up and he told himself that he was 19 years old an' never had a Home.

"Oh, but he was Nifty." He was out of the Corral and into the Red Clover and mix an' Hatter an' Box Stall for him. At least, not for a Month.

It happened that he had the usual number of disreputable Friends. They were All Right, but he did not dare to have them up to the House, because Angel-Face had investigated them and returned True Bills. They were a little too Gamey for Presbyterian Circles, but they fitted right in at any Function where every Man takes off his Coat.

Hubbard began to use the Telephone, and in the course of an Hour he had organized a Pirate Crew that would go as far as you like at any Game from Pitch-and-Toss to Manilla.

For when a decent Married Man does start out to find something different from the calm joys of connubial in a Side Street, he is the Village Limit.

Hubbard had the whole Shop to himself. He employed a Senegambian who was a good two-handed Worker with the Corkscrew. Then he had \$60 worth of Dutch Lunch sent in from the Bath-keller, and arranged the Stacks of Reds, Whites and Blues. He told himself that the only True Enjoyment was found in Bachelor's Hall.

His Hicky Acquaintances came in showing more or less Stage Fright, as they were not accustomed to seeing

Rugs and Tidies. They told him that he had a Swell Joint. After they had been to the Tea a couple of times they began to peel, and one of them started some rowdy Work on the Piano. Another backed into a \$80 Statuette and put it out of business, and then offered to pay for it, but the Host said it cost only 98 cents at a Bargain Sale.

At 10 P. M. the Wife, who was in Upper Seven, referred to her Time-Table and saw Papa sitting by the Student's Lamp reading Macaulay. She had no way of knowing that Papa had just been strung for a Month's Rent in a Progressive Jack Pot.

In the morning, when Papa arose and looked at the cold Welsh Rabbits and saw the Cigar Ashes all over the Place, and when he had a Taste as if he were taking care of a Lap-Robe, the glad Bohemian Existence did not look as Good to him as it had when lighted up the Night before. Especially as he had got the Zoop for some eighty Buck-ones.

Still, there is no case of Remorse that is going to head off a Man who wants to be rejuvenated. He pulled himself together on the Second Day and resumed the Merry Clip and there was nothing doing in the Macaulay Line. Home did not get him until the Lights had winked out in the other Places. He would not leave the Stag Club or the German Garden until they began putting the Chairs on the Table.

For the first two Weeks it was Immense. In time, however, it struck him that there was a certain Monotony in spending ones' Money on the Night Owls and showing up with the Milk-man. The Poker Players were into him, and he began to suspect that he needed a Guardian.

Like every other Man who sends his Wife to a Summer Place, he ended his Hurrah by making a few Resolutions and begging her to come Home.

And she will always believe that he did the Macaulay Act every Evening



He Would Not Leave Until they Put the Chairs on the Table.

while she was away. Which is just as well.

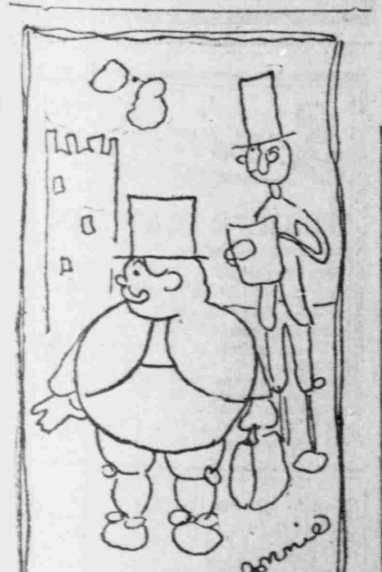
MORAL: In order to put a true Value on Civilization, one should pace a few Heats with the Indians now and then.

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THE RURAL EDITOR'S MUSINGS ON THE PASSING CROWD

WE are glad to announce this week that our esteemed friend, Senator Tom Kearns, has arrived safely in London. Unfortunately, Tom was careless enough to go away without his press agent, but we are reliably informed that King Edward has kindly loaned Tom his own press agent, a gentleman by the name of Knollys. This little courtesy will be highly appreciated not only by Tom, but by all of our people generally. If Knollys knows when he has a good thing he will freeze to Tom.

While a great many of our citizens have carriages of their own, some of us



Mr. Dooley is dan Loftus grand marsh-shull in the elk puresshun. Mr. Loftus is dan Loftus grand marsh-shull in the elk puresshun. Mr. Loftus is dan Loftus grand marsh-shull in the elk puresshun. Mr. Loftus is dan Loftus grand marsh-shull in the elk puresshun.

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lot of explosive caps on the car tracks. They seemed to make the cars go a good deal faster, too. So we are willing to chip in two-bits to buy caps right along for the street car company. Who's next?

Uncle Jesse Smith came into town from Layton the other day madder than a wet hen because George Sutherland hasn't boosted the sheep industry since he has been in Washington. Uncle Jesse is mighty shy on wool on the top of his head, but he's got lots of it on his sheep. Go it, Uncle Jesse. The great American sheepherder is entitled to protection.

A great many inquiries have reached us regarding the whereabouts of George A. Snow lately. Unfortunately, we are unable to state positively, but it is our

impression that George A. is counting ties somewhere between here and New York.

Billy Dale dropped in the other night to tell us he had returned from Kansas City, where he had a high old time. You'd ought to spend your money at home, Billy, but we're glad you're back.

George Morgan, the restaurant man, tells us he has had another strike. This is not in his line, but he says that, but in a mine which he owns. He says that as soon as he gets the water pumped out of the upraise and the air on the dump in good shape he will begin marketing ore. Good boy, George.

Dan Loftus is wearing the broadest kind of a smile and walking six feet above the ground these days. No, it isn't his think it is. Dan has been appointed grand marshal of the Elks' parades and he had his picture published in The Herald the other day without charge. Dan is certainly a corner.

We notice that all of the coronation guests are now leaving London. There is one exception. He is not going because he has been pinched.

It is beginning to look as if "Corianton" would turn out to be quite a fine play. In this connection we feel to say that we are glad of it. We have many a number of home talent in our city who should be able to present the piece in fine shape. We shall always feel to sustain home industry wherever we find it.

We saw George M. Hanson of Ogden in our city last week. George M. was looking sorter down in the mouth. Cheer up, George.

Lester Freed has moved his rooms across the street from where he used to be. Lester says he didn't have enough room where he was. He wants plenty, because he'll have to take care of a lot of Elks next month. Behave yourself, Lester.

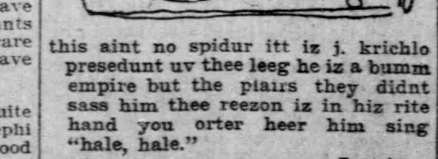
Judge Orlando Powers has had quite a harvest of damage suits down Nephi way lately. Orlando is a pretty good lawyer for a young fellow.

Henry McCormick was seen on the street lately sporting a \$60 Panama hat. At least Henry said it cost \$60, but it looked like a dollar to us. But, of course, we don't pretend to be any judge of a

Panama. Maybe Henry's wasn't limoleum after all.

Our fat young friend, H. E. Dunn, who understudies for Dan Spencer in the Short Line offices, says he is mighty tired of seeing his name spelled H-E-Dunn. He says the right way to spell it is H-Y-R-U-N. He says he couldn't rustle confidence business worth a cent if he spelled his name the other way.

Doc Nunn informs us that he has a number of very sick cows on hand. He



There are Others. (Chicago Daily News.)

McKeen—Confound that man who lives next door to me, anyway!

Weeks—Why, what's wrong with him?

McKeen—He's a good fellow, but his lawn twice a week, and then my wife won't give me a minute's peace until I cut ours.

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ELMIRA COLLEGE GIRL ATHLETE OF DISTINCTION



Bertha Burgett, of the class of 1902, Elmira College, N. Y., enjoys the distinction of being the champion college girl baseball thrower of the world. Miss Burgett has thrown a ball 181 feet.